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Bank Note List.

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The Riddle.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861.

Congressional News.
THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.
SENATE.

The Markets.
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.
Philadelphia, Feb. 23, 1861.

General News.
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Marriages.

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THE STOCK MARKET.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW WORK: INDIA; THE PEARL OF PEARL RIVER.

TO THOSE WHO WISH FARMS.

THE DESTINY OF NICARAGUA;

THE WIDOW BEDOTT:

HOOPED SKIRTS.

AGENTS! AGENTS!

CABINET WAREHOUSE

TETTERING-WORM.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

THE CHEAPEST WATCHES.

PAPER HANGINGS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856.

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Original Poetry.

BARBARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ALICE CARY.

The wind is pealing the morn's red west
With all his breath through the waters' bugles,
And Barbara, with her cedar pail,
Comes to the meadow to rail the cows.

The little people that live in the air
Are not for my human hands to wring,
Says Barbara, and her loving prayer
Takes them up as it goes along—

Toward where the mill is, small and white,
Rising like a taper among the rocks,
Good spirits say to her, day and night,
"Barbara, Barbara, keep with your flocks!"

Gay sings the miller, and Barbara's mouth
Pierces with echoes it will not repeat,
And the rose in her cheek has a May-day's growth,
In the blue that rocks with "I love you, sweet!"

Never a thought about bloomy mills?
Of powder leaves your dreaming cease?
A world to what is among those hills—
May is it, Barbara, key for your peace?

Stay for the summer you have to keep—
Cherish the love that you know is true;
Though other may seem in the tears you weep,
They never will come nor or Heaven be you.

Original Novelet,

BELLE: THE CHILD-HEARTED.

She merely raised her eyes heavily towards him, but did not attempt to answer such strange questioning.

"Speak!" he ejaculated, testily.

"No, sir!" fell in simplicity from the girl's lips.

"Good! then tell me why you love me. If I am rough, ugly, and past meridian age, tell me why you love me?"

"I do not know, sir, perhaps because I cannot help it," she said, with the least shadow of a smile, but immediately returning again to the gravity of manner that was either habitual or natural with her.

"Yes, child, so it is. It was your destiny to love me. Now, if you believe in God, you must also believe that all Fates are of His ordering; thus, then, you oppose the will of One whom you profess to worship when you refuse me. Do not shake your head,—this is no specious argument. Oh, Rachel, who can tell what I may become if you cast me away? Desperation may lead me to tread in sinful paths, where bad as I am, as I know myself to be, I have not trod. Do not set rashly. I beg of you consider—take days, weeks to ponder over your decision. I feel that I am not half worthy of you, *but I love you*, love you with a fire and energy your girl's heart cannot even imagine. Rachel, a man's love is a strong, terrible thing; as different from a woman's, as for cherry it in intensity and endurance, as the sun is superior to the moon,—beware how you trifle with it."

There was, for this young girl, an indescribable exultation in all Freeland Ogilvie said. The changing expression of his features, the very vehemence with which he spoke, bewildered while they charmed. And well he knew it! As for her, she was but eighteen, yet her hereditary strength of character gave her power to elude and escape the spell.

"May I leave you now, sir?" she ventured to ask, after a slight pause.

Closed her bright eyes wearily, and—went to sleep!
An abstinence for this same dire offense.
The gods sent down a blot of matchless song,
Who, perched the neighboring forest trees among,
Sang—as he rarely did e'er worried throne
Woke from her dreams, the nymph, with startled air,
Rubbed with her hand her sleep-bewildered eye.
Then tried in vain to make its music flee—
And stood, retained, in mute, forlorn despair.

"Is it good—does it please you?" he questioned, when he had finished reading.

"Yes," she answered, sadly.

This strange scene, and this wild improvisation caused her uncontrollable alarm.

"See how cool I am," continued Mr. Ogilvie, smiling. "Were I mad could I write—could I—" he started, for the bird sang again at the open casement.

Beyond, a scene of wondrous beauty met the eye. Through the ruggedly graceful trees, giants which the storms of centuries had nourished, the sea sparkled like living fire. Sails moving peacefully onward, dotted its surface with their relieving whiteness; while on the opposite shore, which was distinctly visible, towered the great hills, the glorious blue hills of ——, high waves dashing with the roar of a hungry lion over their eternal feet.

Mr. Ogilvie looked longingly forth. When he turned from the window, Rachel stood on the threshold of the open door. He did not attempt to follow or recall her, but simply seated himself where last she had sat, and buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER II.

Once in her own room, Rachel's power of silent endurance gave way. She flung herself passionately on her bed, and wept tears of agony.

For months, nay, for years, had love for this man grown and strengthened in her heart. She knew him to be worldly, godless, yet she could not help it. Strive as she would, pray as she would, she could not help it. Day by day, hour by hour, she had felt her love increasing, and now, when she knew that he had sought her for his wife, she could not help it.

Day after day she had watched for his coming, and when he came, she had felt that the sunshine had come with him. Day after day she had listened to his voice, and when he went away, she had felt that the music had gone with him. Day after day she had thought of him, and dreamed of him, and now that he had told her that he loved her, she could not help it.

Day after day she had prayed that he might love her, and now that he had told her that he loved her, she could not help it.

Day after day she had prayed that he might be converted, and now that he had told her that he was converted, she could not help it.

Day after day she had prayed that he might be a minister of the gospel, and now that he had told her that he was a minister of the gospel, she could not help it.

Day after day she had prayed that he might be her husband, and now that he had told her that he was her husband

New Publications.

General News.

The Marketa.

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